THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE CRIPPLE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

It was bright in the merry Christmas time,
Bright in the shrewish air,
When the bells rang out with a pleasant chime,
And the old ones gathered to prayer,—
When the heart, bent down in the load of years
The Christmas time goes by,
And a warm blood with new beauty bears
For all beneath the sky!

Teeny eyes flashed bright in the morning sun,
And many smile dawned out,
As the youth of the village, every one,
Passed by with a gladdening shout—
Oh no, for alone, by the old barn side,
Where the westward sunshine lay
But the little sufferer, true and tried,
The Cripple on Christmas Day.

Many a day I had marked him well,
With the crushed and withered limb,
What he summer saw and the bright world fell,
Bringing no play to him,
As he looked on the sports he could not share,
Or limped on his crutch and cane,
And thought how ill the spirit could bear
The weight of his endless chain:—
To be bound forever to ailing pain,
To be shut from the joys of life,
When the laugh rang out from merry lips,
And the world was open and wide!
And again and again, when the last year died,
When his mates were off and away,
The little sufferer, all alone,
The Cripple on Christmas Day.

Poor boy! He played on the frozen ground
With the end of his pressed crust,
And I heard him cry, with a pitiful sound,
To sing a boyish strain:
And he tried to check the big round tears
That trembled down his cheek,
For he knew the soul of older years,
Though his little heart was weak.
But he thought again of his playmates' sail,
And his head dropped on his breast,
And he turned his face to the cold gray wall,
And his hand to his forehead prest.
A stranger stopped in his heavy tread,
As he hurried down the street,
And I saw him raise the bending head
Of the Cripple on Christmas Day.

God bless the heart of man, that still,
In its struggle for power and gold,
Is human love, and is kindly still,
For the helpless and the old!
The stranger's eye was dim and wet,
I knew that his purse was small,
But he gave him the toys that he bought that morn
To take home to his children all!
And the pile that fell from the stranger's hand,
And the joy in the poor boy's eye,
Were things not eaten by God's command
In the records of the sky!
What should thing that occupied my attention was the probability of my receiving a Valentine next year. Like the smile that lit up the sorrowful face Of the Cripple on Christmas Day.

SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN H. GOOD.

When wearied nature deepens at close of day,
And silence reigns supreme in vale and grove,
The dying zephyr whispers nought but love,
And evening's smile suggests the thought of play.
The starry host, in beautiful array,
Our Heav'nly high arch of deepest blue, above
The rolling sphere, in solemn silence move,
All crowned with beauty and with majesty.
Of Morpheus, who with soft and pleasant croune
Through silent hours gives slumber's sweet delight,
Unto the favored lover's eyelids light,
On this still, peaceful scene the queen of night,
With gentle radiance sends o'er vale and mountain,
Which smile and bask in her soft precious light.

Original Tales.

MARY WELDEN'S PARTY.

A Story of Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Dear Reader, did you ever hear of Mary Welden's first party? Possessing on your ignorance, I will proceed to tell you all about it, at least that portion of it that came under my own immediate notice. It came off a few weeks since, and created an immense excitement in that portion of the fashionable world in which our heroine moved. Every lady of note was invited, nothing was talked or thought of but Miss Mary Welden and her first party. Those who had been fortunate enough to receive invitations, looked upon themselves as the most favored of mortals. While those who had not enjoyed the privilege of a hare and, or a tip of the beaver in passing the lady in question, entertained hopes, even till the last day, that they might receive the longed-for Dress makers were at a premium, hair dressers were in requisition, in short, every thing "gave comfort and preparation." Who is Miss Welden? methinks I hear my unsophisticated reader exclaim; in pity for your ignorance, my friend, I will proceed to enlighten you. Mary Welden was one of the sweetest syrens that ever set a veil, or broke a heart: she was just turned of seventeen, and beautiful as an Houri. She had lately returned from school, after having received every accomplishment in the power of her teachers to bestow: but her acquired graces were but a trifle of her attractions. She possessed natural witchery enough to set half the ladies in town by the ears, but she had still another attraction sufficient to counterbalance all the others, and throw them far in the shade. She had also been left an Heiress by the will of her father, who died at Venice whilst she was yet a child, and emerged from the mists of old Ocean, to create a disturbance among the residents of Olympus; or a veritable "Star" for wit; all teachers to bestow a insignificance in comparison with the attraction of which I have spoken. In one word, gentle reader, she was a Belle. She was the only daughter of a rich old merchant.

"Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And leave behind him as he left before."

That is, at least, till he found a suitable match for her. The old gentleman was very fond and indulgent, but on one point he was firm as a rock, and that was, he said his daughter should never wed a man who was not pretty well off for worldly goods. He loved his daughter better than anything else on earth, and next to her he loved money.

I had been fortunate enough to form an intimate acquaintance with the bright star, and had met the ruling rock a brilliant luster; but I was unfortunate enough to be so badly off for the needful, that I could never indulge in the thought of love. My gentleman would suffer me to entertain a hope of winning the fair one, when the whole of my assets—and I accept a pretty good share of impudence—would only amount to five hundred a year. I had met her at Cape May, where every body seems for the time being on a level. We walked together, we rode together, we danced together, and we promenaded together. Oh, dear! those sweet moonlight walks on the beach, where every thing, from the lighting of the fresh breeze and tumbling of the breakers, to the running little heads with which the ladies surmount their rosy faces, conspire to soften one's heart, and fit it for tender impressions. Oh such evenings we would extend our excursions to the Cove, within a short distance of the light-house and rather beyond the usual limits of an evening promenade. Nobody, not the most insolent and rotting youth in existence, could have asked for a more quiet place to commit a downright downy kneel. For my part, I felt most desperately in love, and having the opportunity for declaring my passion, did not hesitate to embrace it. I quoted Childe Harold's apostrophe to the Ocean, and she sang "Rockaway" —I wished "the desert were my dwelling place, with one fair spirit for my minister," and she agreed that it would be delightful. In short, we both, to all appearances, felt most elegantly in for it: I say "to all appearances," for my own part, I was in reality the fluttering at my poor heart at the bare mention of her name could testify; but as to her sincerity, I cannot speak with equal confidence; that remains to be proven by the sequel.

After our return from the Capes, we met frequently, not altogether by accident, either. We again had our long walks, and we did not neglect to renew our old promises of constancy. The reader will look on this as a very foolish proceeding on my part, to indulge or consent to Papa; he would never have tolerated the idea of his daughter being thrown away upon one so far inferior to her as he would doubtless have considered me.

All things must have an end; and our pleasant meetings did not prove an exception to the general rule. Our meeting I had met her in usual before business hours, and we had extended our walk to the outskirts of the city; she had been unusually reserved, as the limited, as I had been pressing her to make me a partner in her future life. She had been thinking of some impending calamity, but could not guess its exact nature; she at length gave utterance to what I then considered my sentence to eternal misery.

"Dear Charles," she said, "I am afraid this must be our last walk for some time."

I was thund-retruck.

"And why?" I interrogated.

"Oh, you know papa don't Pa ia; I would not, upon any consideration, have him discover our clandestine meetings. I think he already suspects there is something wrong; in fact, he has twice or thrice questioned me closely on the subject of my early walks."

I need every argument I could bring to bear, to try and induce her to alter her determination, but all in vain; she was inflexible, and I was compelled to submit with the best grace I could. This was not part, however, without the most solemn pledges of faithfulness.

"I was not long after this interview that the party that had created so great an excitement came upon the carpet. I denoded her first invitation sent every, and I flattered myself much prior as I could up for the special purpose of "bringing her out." I looked upon it as the death blow to all my hopes. I

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Original Song.

THE SAILOR BOY'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN J. MORRIS.

Away, boys, away! while the sea is shining bright,
While the merry waves are dancing, beneath its gay light,
Hark to the plaintive moan that trembles on our ears,
"Farewell! farewell! dear sailor boy, for days and months and years!"
Then away, then away, on the bright and joyous sea,
While the waves are dancing round us, in their merry jollity.

Away, boys, away, as we skip along the isle,
We'll think of home's unnumbered joys, with hearts of love and pride;
We'll kiss our fair dears, inviting lip, as if we feel in love,
We'll hear the sweetness of each word, if spoke in blue or woe.
Then away, then away, on the bright and joyous sea,
While the waves are dancing round us, in their merry jollity.

Away, boys, away, e'en now I see the bed,
Where our aging mother sank feeble, departing soul,
E'en now I hear her parting prayer, her last departing sigh,
When love was glowing in her breast, and gleaming in her eye.
Then away, then away, on the bright and joyous sea,
While the waves are dancing round us, in their merry jollity.

Away, boys, away, the wind sweeps roughly now,
It rends the lovers of my cheek, the passion of my brow,
For when I think the saffral and gaze into the isle,
I think of her who loved me once—who would have been my bride.
Then away, then away, on the bright and joyous sea,
While the waves are dancing round us, in their merry jollity.

I sended her with a parting line, I took one dear embrace,
But memory, sweet memory, still shows her smiling face.
Oh! could I gaze with earnest eyes on that long cherished form of friend—
But angels grand her footsteps now, and all her path is strewed.
Then away, then away, on the bright and joyous sea,
While the waves are dancing round us, in their merry jollity.

Away, boys, away, right merrily away,
My heart is gleeful, and I'm free as the wave, why should we longer stay?
Our steady craft lies yonder, her bosom lashed in gold,
If we are patient waiters, we shall be free and bold—
Then away, then away, on the bright and joyous sea,
While the waves are dancing round us, in their merry jollity.

And when our voyage's over, right merrily we'll toss
To where the heart's affections flow, and genial friendship's cross,
And with the bundle of our riches our heart's image bear-
Then away, then away, on the bright and joyous sea,
While the waves are dancing round us, in their merry jollity.

Pictures of Life.

THE TWO AUNTS;
Or, The Frown and the Smile.

However necessary it may be to use the cork with boys, there should, we think, be a bearing to it, and principles in the education of girls. The character to be dealt with in the latter case is usually of a kind which can be moved by moral interposition by gentle treatment, and we never yet knew a female heart to possess any value which was only to be operated upon through the medium of fear. To mothers of the middle classes especially, where individuality of character is of importance, we would say, treat your daughters with all the confidence that may seem at all consistent with a prudent caution. Teach them, by kindness, to be grateful for every indulgence; encourage in them a consciousness that you wish, even in trifles, to make them happy, strengthen the spring of hope in their young hearts, and thus obtain a healthful ascendancy over their childhood, and growing with their growth, may carry them forward through many a privation, many a subsequent trial; and then, even if some but adverse circumstances should await them, if the loving heart must meet a chill, the trusting heart be betrayed, never can disappointment nor calamity crush the strength of course so truly bestowed. Through these means the gold ore of genuine treatment be judiciously applied. In one neighborhood, which I used only say was in the south of England some few years ago, and which is known by herself, two aged sisters, one of whom, Jane had never been married, the other, Nance, was a widow, and had children. Why Jane and Nance lived together it is difficult to say, unless their separation was a result of a considerable difference in tempers and habits, and movements which are apt to be complexions lost something unpleasant had occurred. Nance, however, would herself deliberately, and laid her shawl and bonnet aside, as if she had lengthened stay; then addressing Margaret in tones, which, if not perhaps ever in her life used towards her own ward, she requested her to bring her a drink of water from the old spring well. "And mention," added she, turning to Jane with an affectionate smile, "I do not think the wide world holds another so pure or so refreshing."

Jane's heart, ever dwelling on the past, gratefully acknowledged this little tribute to early recollections, and a quick gratified look at her sister's sweet eyes showed her appreciation of it too. She took her pail and passed through the open door, and the silence that for some minutes looked after her as she tripped lightly down the winding path then their eyes met with a pleasant smile, and an expression of almost equal tenderness in each. "She is a good girl," exclaimed Nance with genuine warmth, "and no doubt, Jane, but, in the absence of other blessings, you have found her to be a true one to yourself, very different will you feel whenever you are asked in part with her from the way I feel myself to day."

"If I parted with my darling for her own good," said Jane, tremulously, "I hope I would not be so selfish as to indulge in one regret."

"I believe you, Jane; 'twould be only like yourself. But, still allowing you may through the world—alive, enterprising, and sturdy—what did she know of the softer feelings of the heart! They are those which confer value on the human heart earlier life, and she now never imagined their existence; indeed we believe that, in her inmost soul, she rather despised such sensitiveness, and imputed much of her sister's early sorrows, and her present lonely lot, to indulgence in those fancies; and therefore, she considered, as a duty, owed her candor, not inclined that way, to bring up her little charge with the strictest discipline, to discourage each softer emotion, and confine her attention to the less pleasing realities of life, convinced that kind words and caresses were more injurious to her mind than the most cloying sweetmeats would have been to her body.

Some months had passed away, and Nance had removed to a spot not far distant, and had taken up at a little distance from the village, so that the intercourse between the sisters was not frequent. But one morning Jane was surprised to see her enter the cottage with limping step; and eagerly inquiring whether she had met with any accident, desired little Margaret, as she was present, to bring her a chair. With ready courtesy the child obeyed, and then retreating to her little stool at Jane's knee, resumed her work, looking up every now and then with no admiring expression, at her other aunt.

In answer to Jane's repeated inquiry, Nance replied, "Oh, 'tis only a trifle; but the walk made me so peaceful: nothing would do that young minx at home but to go hunting for hens, and pelting them with stones; and when I ran out to stop her, she flung the last of them away, and hit me right on the instep, taking off a piece of the skin as large as a shilling. I'll be bound I gave her two or three good flakings, that kept her quiet for the rest of the day; but I could not put on a shoe or a stocking yesterday, and was obliged to stay at home from prayers, thanks to the little hunt."

Now, amongst the ravages of time, Nance had lost more than one of her once pearly teeth; this rendered her utterance at all times, but more especially when speaking in excitement, rather indistinct, besides which, those same miserable years had rendered Jane's sense of hearing, as we most not be surprised at her answering Nance in a pleasant and gentle tone.—Playthings—that was very considerate indeed of you to give the little creature some playthings, to keep her quiet within doors, instead of letting her run wild after the hens."

"Playthings!" reiterated Nance, in a tone of contemptuous impatience, "indeed I would like to see my way making out playthings for her: no, I gave her some good flakings—flakings, Jane! and then I locked her up till she was tired of crying, and I did the same to-day, to keep her out of harm's way whilst I was gone; that's the way to make them behave themselves right."

She shook her head consciously at little Margaret, who looked up with a half smile of intelligence, while Jane, unwilling to enter into any discussion before her, contented herself with raising her hand in a deprecatory manner, and the subject for the present dropped, to be often afterwards renewed, as each sister remonstrated with the other on a method of treatment from her own, each thinking it perfectly right, and each more and more convinced of the excellence of her own particular plan. Thus, as the years passed on, Jane grew into a spoiled child, content, indeed, often clever and self-handed, for Nance was determined to make her so, she still took to her heart the most tender sympathy for her sufferings, but more sullen, inert, and spiritless while in Nance's presence, more wild and thoughtless when that restraint was removed. Censurship under a dread of punishment, which was never adapted to touch her feelings or convince her reason, she gradually escaped the habit of taking counsel and asking leave, and, still worse, of appropriating what she could not obtain, too often exercising the underhand cunning by a deviation from the truth; and though sometimes discovered and severely punished, still increased duplicity, instead of correction, caused the result of such chastisement.

Little Margaret, on the other hand, guided by the law of kindness, moved about at her daily occupations with little and pleasant tasks, always endeavoring to do her best, or, failing in that, more sorry for the mischance than those who suffered by it. She took an interest, and felt a sort of property, in everything intrusted to her care; for did not all belong to dear Aunt Jane, who once denied her anything she could grant, or, if obliged to do so, had always the true and loving reason to reconcile her to the privation? Had the learned frankly to tell her that she and wishes, feeling even through the difference of years, that she was relating them to a second self; only more excellent, more experienced, but never less anxious or sympathizing than she expected; and thus her young mind, moulded by constant application to that beautiful model, received, even in its inmost recesses, the impression of that tried and gentle heart.

And then they grew up: a union, very similar in appearance, but with dispositions and expressions of countenance as different as night and day. They were not much together, for as we have said, neither sat out approval of the method of the other; and this act of agreement on this important subject had, without impairing their affection, still lessened their intimacy. Visits were, however, at stated times exchanged, and no circumstance of particular joy or trust ever occurred to one, without being immediately imparted to the other.

The girls had passed their eighteenth birthday at Aunt Jane's cottage. It had been her invariable practice to give them a little festival on this occasion; and Margaret, while delighted at her friend's anxiety enjoyment, had seen more than ever in pity and deplore in her disposition and education. The next morning she was talking over the subject with Aunt Jane, and proposing many warm-hearted but visionary plans, when suddenly the door opened, and Nance entered. Nance made her appearance. The visit was quite unexpected, and there was an excitement in her looks and movements which seemed to betoken a horrible condition in life—a circumstance occurred which rendered it necessary for her to leave home immediately. Her son-in-law, young wife, their sister-in-law, gave birth to twin-daughters, and died in her confinement. Her husband, with that strength of happiness peculiarly in his mind, never afterwards "raised his head," but pined in gloom through three or four weary years, and then followed her to the grave, leaving the little orphans to the care of his sister-in-law to each. They were poor, shy, awkward, untutored little things; and the two unmarried women, each according to her own peculiar character, welcomed the charge, and commenced their duties as far as in them lay, to supply to them a mother's place.

But with what different ideas! Jane, accustomed to solitude, compassionate, reflecting, finding her only recreation in attending to her garden and the poor, squeezed in the little creatures that now was to give life to her lonely hours; she trusted her with the tenderness that she would have bestowed on one of her own but blossoms; she spoke to her with the gentle tones with which she comforted the lowly; and thus combining all former duties, all avocations in her present delight, she was soon rewarded by the entire confidence of its object, who, forgetful of her former fellows, followed her, with trembling footsteps, round the garden, and through the house, her sweet voice and merry laughter echoing like a fairy bell.

And Nance, still advancing her way through the world—alive, enterprising, and sturdy—what did she know of the softer feelings of the heart! They were those which conferred value on the human heart earlier life, and she now never imagined their existence; indeed we believe that, in her inmost soul, she rather despised such sensitiveness, and imputed much of her sister's early sorrows, and her present lonely lot, to indulgence in those fancies; and therefore, she considered, as a duty, owed her candor, not inclined that way, to bring up her little charge with the strictest discipline, to discourage each softer emotion, and confine her attention to the less pleasing realities of life, convinced that kind words and caresses were more injurious to her mind than the most cloying sweetmeats would have been to her body.

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She shook her head consciously at little Margaret, who looked up with a half smile of intelligence, while Jane, unwilling to enter into any discussion before her, contented herself with raising her hand in a deprecatory manner, and the subject for the present dropped, to be often afterwards renewed, as each sister remonstrated with the other on a method of treatment from her own, each thinking it perfectly right, and each more and more convinced of the excellence of her own particular plan. Thus, as the years passed on, Jane grew into a spoiled child, content, indeed, often clever and self-handed, for Nance was determined to make her so, she still took to her heart the most tender sympathy for her sufferings, but more sullen, inert, and spiritless while in Nance's presence, more wild and thoughtless when that restraint was removed. Censurship under a dread of punishment, which was never adapted to touch her feelings or convince her reason, she gradually escaped the habit of taking counsel and asking leave, and, still worse, of appropriating what she could not obtain, too often exercising the underhand cunning by a deviation from the truth; and though sometimes discovered and severely punished, still increased duplicity, instead of correction, caused the result of such chastisement.

Little Margaret, on the other hand, guided by the law of kindness, moved about at her daily occupations with little and pleasant tasks, always endeavoring to do her best, or, failing in that, more sorry for the mischance than those who suffered by it. She took an interest, and felt a sort of property, in everything intrusted to her care; for did not all belong to dear Aunt Jane, who once denied her anything she could grant, or, if obliged to do so, had always the true and loving reason to reconcile her to the privation? Had the learned frankly to tell her that she and wishes, feeling even through the difference of years, that she was relating them to a second self; only more excellent, more experienced, but never less anxious or sympathizing than she expected; and thus her young mind, moulded by constant application to that beautiful model, received, even in its inmost recesses, the impression of that tried and gentle heart.

And then they grew up: a union, very similar in appearance, but with dispositions and expressions of countenance as different as night and day. They were not much together, for as we have said, neither sat out approval of the method of the other; and this act of agreement on this important subject had, without impairing their affection, still lessened their intimacy. Visits were, however, at stated times exchanged, and no circumstance of particular joy or trust ever occurred to one, without being immediately imparted to the other.

The girls had passed their eighteenth birthday at Aunt Jane's cottage. It had been her invariable practice to give them a little festival on this occasion; and Margaret, while delighted at her friend's anxiety enjoyment, had seen more than ever in pity and deplore in her disposition and education. The next morning she was talking over the subject with Aunt Jane, and proposing many warm-hearted but visionary plans, when suddenly the door opened, and Nance made her appearance. The visit was quite unexpected, and there was an excitement in her looks and movements which seemed to betoken a horrible condition in life—a circumstance occurred which rendered it necessary for her to leave home immediately. Her son-in-law, young wife, their sister-in-law, gave birth to twin-daughters, and died in her confinement. Her husband, with that strength of happiness peculiarly in his mind, never afterwards "raised his head," but pined in gloom through three or four weary years, and then followed her to the grave, leaving the little orphans to the care of his sister-in-law to each. They were poor, shy, awkward, untutored little things; and the two unmarried women, each according to her own peculiar character, welcomed the charge, and commenced their duties as far as in them lay, to supply to them a mother's place.

But with what different ideas! Jane, accustomed to solitude, compassionate, reflecting, finding her only recreation in attending to her garden and the poor, squeezed in the little creatures that now was to give life to her lonely hours; she trusted her with the tenderness that she would have bestowed on one of her own but blossoms; she spoke to her with the gentle tones with which she comforted the lowly; and thus combining all former duties, all avocations in her present delight, she was soon rewarded by the entire confidence of its object, who, forgetful of her former fellows, followed her, with trembling footsteps, round the garden, and through the house, her sweet voice and merry laughter echoing like a fairy bell.

And Nance, still advancing her way through the world—alive, enterprising, and sturdy—what did she know of the softer feelings of the heart! They were those which conferred value on the human heart earlier life, and she now never imagined their existence; indeed we believe that, in her inmost soul, she rather despised such sensitiveness, and imputed much of her sister's early sorrows, and her present lonely lot, to indulgence in those fancies; and therefore, she considered, as a duty, owed her candor, not inclined that way, to bring up her little charge with the strictest discipline, to discourage each softer emotion, and confine her attention to the less pleasing realities of life, convinced that kind words and caresses were more injurious to her mind than the most cloying sweetmeats would have been to her body.

Some months had passed away, and Nance had removed to a spot not far distant, and had taken up at a little distance from the village, so that the intercourse between the sisters was not frequent. But one morning Jane was surprised to see her enter the cottage with limping step; and eagerly inquiring whether she had met with any accident, desired little Margaret, as she was present, to bring her a chair. With ready courtesy the child obeyed, and then retreating to her little stool at Jane's knee, resumed her work, looking up every now and then with no admiring expression, at her other aunt.

In answer to Jane's repeated inquiry, Nance replied, "Oh, 'tis only a trifle; but the walk made me so peaceful: nothing would do that young minx at home but to go hunting for hens, and pelting them with stones; and when I ran out to stop her, she flung the last of them away, and hit me right on the instep, taking off a piece of the skin as large as a shilling. I'll be bound I gave her two or three good flakings, that kept her quiet for the rest of the day; but I could not put on a shoe or a stocking yesterday, and was obliged to stay at home from prayers, thanks to the little hunt."

Now, amongst the ravages of time, Nance had lost more than one of her once pearly teeth; this rendered her utterance at all times, but more especially when speaking in excitement, rather indistinct, besides which, those same miserable years had rendered Jane's sense of hearing, as we most not be surprised at her answering Nance in a pleasant and gentle tone.—Playthings—that was very considerate indeed of you to give the little creature some playthings, to keep her quiet within doors, instead of letting her run wild after the hens."

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experiment, took the letters one back to her heart and to her home, where, in the full tide of mutual affection and forgiveness, they never since have entertained, or had come to enter, one harsh or one reproachful word.

Mr. —— need not dread on the happiness of Margaret and Aunt Jane. Emerson resisted Jenkins' offer when candidly relating Mr. Conkle's affairs; Margaret, he declared, could only be miserable with Jenkins, on a discovery that had frightened poor Dewey's husband. His own innocence was thoroughly established and his good name restored, and that time will be declared, all he sought.

Mr. Conkle was obliged to acquiesce, but would adopted a contemptuous manner calculated to his feelings. He paid a handsome appointive fee, and bowed him for three years to Mr. Drummond, the church's guidance of a neighboring city, and on the day of the expiration of that time, it is arranged that old Green, his former master, shall be superannuated at with a pension, and that Aunt Margaret shall be united to Laurence Quin, then "head gardener" at the Park.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

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FOR THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "The Pictorial Life of Washington," and one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Pictorial," a splendid Steel Engraved, 1st Edition.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Dewey' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, Dewey' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Pictorial," for 1847—or two copies and one copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Pictorial," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Dewey' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send on their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We commend those of our readers who want a good laugh, to "Mary Weiden's Party," on our first page. "The Cripple on Christmas Day," to our notice, is a very well written piece, pathetic and natural. While the other original and selected articles will, we think, maintain the high position the Post has acquired among its cotemporaries. Several articles intended for our editorial columns, are crowded out by the Army and Foreign News.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Whale Riddle. There is no end to the questions we are favored to the riddle, in prose and verse. Some, in verse, are very tolerable; but as we have already published one answer—the first that came to hand—we respectfully decline all others; thanking our correspondent for the proof they have afforded, that if any such "big fish" is to run the gauntlet of our sea" anchors without being harpooned, he is very much mistaken. We think, however, that the answer we have already published by the "English Riddle," we published some time ago, for we have not received the first answer. That, instead of being a whale, must be a shark.

The Tailor or the Soul. This poem is accepted, with pleasure.

Lines Written in Memory of Two Dear Children. This poem contains many very touching lines, and is manifestly the feeling that the composer of it is often defective, that we are compelled reluctantly to decline it.

The Child's Dream, is accepted.

Chata Cleverly. We will call and get the tale Cloud spoken of.

Affliction. This poem is accepted,—and the accompanying one, "The Dreaming Captive," declined.

BORN OUT OF THEIR AGES.

About the best time we have met with lately, or cuts in as many by one of the enterprising publishers of the Albion Journal. He says that, while the *leaders* are in the prime of life, there "every man, generally speaking, has a different *spiritual sense Dummy*, his date of send being past, present or future." Then he classifies his acquaintances as men of different centuries—the seventeenth century man, the eighteenth century one, up to the man of the twentieth century—and further still, to the man of that happy period, when moral evil shall be entirely banished from the face of the earth.

We say that this classification of Mr. Chambers's, strikes us as an exceedingly happy idea. All of us, perhaps, in looking around among the little circle with whom we are acquainted, yes, and looking further too, into the ranks of statesmen, clergymen, and soldiers; are able to single out many who seem to belong as properly to a past, as some few others to a future age. There are men, good and kind, talented, too, whose whole aim in life appears to be to prevent the lusty Present from growing out of and throwing aside the dull, dead shell of the Past. They seem to have no ideal beyond what has been—they are ever looking backward to the safe past which the young Columbus has left, rather than forward to the vast continent ahead, towards which he is urged by a prophetic instinct, which he himself does not fully comprehend, to direct his course. Such men can not to be blamed, but to be pitied. In the strange jumble into which all things, in a greater or less degree, have gotten in this most inexplicable world, they have happened to be born some centuries too late; and true to their instincts, they wish, if they must at all, to go backwards instead of forwards. Perhaps, too, there is a singular wisdom in this apparent freak of Nature's, as there is very apt to be in all the doings of that most wonderful power. Such men, born out of their time, are perhaps the spiritual anchors, which prevent the Present and the Future from parting entirely with the Past. For there is a constant tendency in the times that are, to despise the times that have been; the child, with his book learning, is ever inclined to undervalue the wisdom of his father, unthaught in other than the world's great school. Such men, perhaps, therefore, are needed to retain the ages that are gone, to hold up a stubborn and true testimony to the nobility and manful talent of an era that has passed away.

And, on the other hand, who cannot readily call to mind, if not among our acquaintances among his favorite statesmen and writers, the men of the Future—men alive born out of their time, but with a nobler creed—men of thrifties to be the guides to the under-covered American of thought—Columbuses, to give, not only to Castile and Leon, but to the whole world besides, a new world to live in? It is easy to know such, as they move among their fellows—their hearts are full of hope, for they walk by faith, not by sight; and they have a large flushed their faces with a holy radiance, as of "a new dawn had risen on noon day." These are the great souls whose kind is not the Age of Loyalty; worthy as that true of its day, nor such Glory as is bought with red blood upon the battle-field, nor the rank Luxury of commerce-plundered nations, but so long of peace, justice, mercy and charity—of when war, religious and political rancour, blind national prejudice, and self-aggrandizement, shall be no more *the childhood of mankind*, shall pass away in the course of nature, even as the coalmen and recklessness of the boy are changed for the soft manners and grave sentiments of youth." Yes, those are the men who can sing, not as a mere "*bagatelle*," as he *falsely* says they were written, the words of the poet Burns.

> "*For a' that, and a' that,*
> It's coming yet for a' that,
> When man to man the world o'er,
> Shall brotherhood be for a' that!"

FANNY FORESTER'S REPLY

It will be remembered by our readers, that there was quite a general expression of regret by the press, when it was first announced that Fanny had fallen in love with Dr. Judson, and had determined to accompany him to his distant home (and perhaps,) to India, where he was destined as a missionary. Fanny, it was said, did not like much the freedom of comment which the public had felt obliged in at the time—although it was but a proof of their interest in her, and their trust of motives in the work in which she was engaged—a work, which she had a right and moreover will to do as she pleased, and would marry the doctor in spite of the news papers. We have before us a letter from Fanny, written after the matter was altogether where it was, and therefore indited the following poem, upon her voyage, which will be read with interest by her friends. In fact, simply as a casual acquaintance with your own; until he became a member of my military family, and I can truly say, that no one ever more completely won my confidence, or possessed a more lasting claim to my respect and esteem. Manly and honorable in every respect, he was a devoted son, and a devoted husband. Under the guidance of himself and the lamented McKee, gallantly fell the core of Kentucky to the standard of her battle, upheld the honor of the State and of the country.

A grateful people will do justice to the memory of the brave dead, and to the living. But I may be permitted to express the bereavement which I feel in the loss of valued friends, and to say that I left bereft by the strongest ties of private regard, when I miss his familiar face, and that of Col. McKee and Haskin, I can say with truth, that I feel an enfeebling in our ranks.

With the expression of my deepest and most heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved families of the brave, my dear sir, most faithfully and sincerely,

Your friend,
Hon. Henry Clay, New Orleans, La.

As expressing precisely the state of our own feelings, we refer particularly to the last paragraph but one, we think the poem is very fine

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawse.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, Theodore F. Blade, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman,* the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

THE HISTORY OF THE BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ AND THE CASTLE.

The following full particulars of the taking of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, are from the correspondent of the New Orleans Delta.

HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ, March 28, 1847.

Eds. Delta:—From this delectable place I once more have the pleasure of greeting you—and now I can give you something that will probably interest you. Well, we have had a regular Waterloo fight, barring that the killed and wounded have been unprecedently small, considering the showers of shells, solid, grape and canister shot poured into us by the Vera Cruzanos. But I wish to inform you of the share that we of the Navy have had in this last affair.

You must know that on Monday, the 22d, inst., we landed a battery, consisting of four Paixhan 68s and two 32s—and Captain Lee, of the Engineers, selected for us as an admirable site, overlooking the whole city, within seven hundred yards of the walls. A tall growth of chapparal hid the operations of the Engineers, with two hundred workmen, during the construction of our sand bag fort, but when it was completed, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., our guns were unmasked and the chapparal cleared away so as to bring us a view of the strongholds to be battered down. As soon as the enemy obtained a sight of our nice little arrangement, he opened a tremendous and well-directed fire upon it, and then our men returned the favor with unmitigated pleasure, and up to meridian that day the firing was incessant on both sides. About that time the ammunition of our little party gave out, and consequently, they rested from their labors within the trenches until relieved by other divisions from the different vessels of the Squadron. Along with the relieving party, as aid to the commanding officer, was your friend who greets you as above. Arrived at the field of action, with an abundance of solid shot and shells, our commander would have opened immediately; but the officer of Engineers requested that he would suspend the firing of his battery until he could repair the breaches which had been made in the bulwark by the cannon on shore. This could be done most effectually during the night; and therefore it was determined to put off the commencement of hostilities until daylight next morning. Stretched on the barren sand, we dozed away the night, watching the magnificent appearance of the bomb shells, as they circumrotated through the ambient space until the chill air of morning gave us warning that day was dawning; then I hove out and proceeded to the Captain's tent. He was already on the rampart of the bulwark, and the officers, seamen and marines soon gathered round their guns. The Mexicans opened the fire upon us by delivering a superb discharge of round shot, which just grazed our parapet bags. We immediately returned the favor, and the fire became general on both sides, and continued with unremitted vigilance for two hours—and I never even heard tell of a more beautiful display of artillery operations than those I participated in.

Between 7 and 8 A. M., it became necessary that we should cease firing to let our Paixhans cool and go to breakfast. Our Captain invited us to his quarters, and while taking our porter some shells fell and burst alongside the canvass, throwing the dirty sand all over us. I was detailed to return on board ship for more shells, and ran a greater risk of losing my allotted time here below in carrying the message than if I had remained at the guns. While on my return the enemy was making his last expiring effort, throwing a constant stream of shell and shot right into our little fort; and with such exactness that the sand and gravel was flying over us in one continual shower; and if it had not been that our bulwark of sand-bags was superiorly constructed, many of us would now have been lying on Sacrificios. As it was, but few were killed and wounded; but in the course of the day, we made a breach in the walls, silenced the batteries, unshipped the guns and drove the Mexicans from their forts, and then mounted the ramparts, and gave them three cheers. From daybreak up to 1 P. M., we had expended upon them between six and seven hundred Paixhan shells and solid shot.

This day's work nearly used them up, they only fired an occasional shell at the army batteries during the evening of Thursday, and early on Friday, sent a flag to Gen. Scott, offering to capitulate. We are under obligations to the army for affording us this chance of redeeming our credit in a measure; and to Commodore Perry we are more than grateful for the alacrity with which he seized upon the occasion which was offered of participating in reducing the city and Castle of San Juan de Ulua, (this is the right way of spelling its cognomen.) Yes, the city of Vera Cruz, forts Santiago and Conception, and the Castle of San Juan de Ulua, all surrendered to the arms of the United States; and to-morrow morning at 10 A. M., our troops are to march into the strong holds of the Mexicans; and all the public property pertaining to the above places we are to have and to hold until a definitive treaty of peace shall be firmly established between the governments of the United States and Mexico. Our loss in killed and wounded at the naval battery was very inconsiderable; not more than ten to fifteen in all. Midshipman T. B. Shubrick, of the steam-frigate Mississippi, was instantly killed by a shot, through an embrasure, while levelling his gun and aiming at a tower on one of the forts.

DETAILED ACCOUNT.

22d March, 1847.

Eds. Delta—The nights are exceedingly cold, and the days are exceedingly warm, which has excited the apprehension of some in relation to yellow fever; but I made diligent inquiry along the whole line, in relation to the health of the army, and find that it was never better.

All the Government horses in the use of the officers, and other persons attached to the army, have been ordered to be turned-in for the use of Col. Harney's Dragoons, a great number of whom have been left on foot by the wreck of the Yazoo.

From the stubborness of a mule train conveying the mortars to position last night, one of the mortars was dropped before it arrived at its proper place. The Mexicans discovered it, and continued during the night an uninterrupted fire upon it, in hopes, I presume, of killing some of our men, if they attempted to remove it under cover of the night.

At 10 o'clock to-day a white flag was sent into the city. The bearer of it conveyed a message from Maj. Gen. Scott, addressed to Gov. Morales, commander of the Mexican forces. The message was a formal summons to surrender the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, without a resort to any further defence, as the General in Chief of the American forces desired to avoid any further blood shed. Gov. Morales replied in a very dignified tone and style of language, in substance, that he was sorry to be the cause of unnecessary blood-shed and loss of life, but that he had a high and important duty to perform, involving the honor of his army and the interests of his country, and that he would not surrender until he had exhausted every means of defence.

The Mexicans, during the forenoon, set fire to several buildings, and cleared away the masks to some batteries they had not hitherto exposed, notwithstanding they have kept up a constant firing on our entrenchments during the process of preparation, from the Castle, Fort Santiago, and a bastion front in the rear of the city.

The conferences between the belligerent forces having concluded at 2 o'clock, at 4 the American battery, consisting of only seven mortars, commenced the bombardment of the city. The shells fell into the place after the few first fires, and exploded with as much precision as could have been desired. The city from one end to the other, soon became enveloped in a cloud of smoke—the vivid and lurid flashes of the artillery, from their city batteries breaking through it at brief intervals, and report after report followed each other in quick succession, until after the dusk of evening had passed, when they comparatively ceased. The round shot and shells fell heavy and fast at the entrenchments behind which our batteries were planted. Louisiana and Kentucky were represented in the first fire upon the city, by a volunteer company from each of those States. The former by Captain Blanchard's Phoenix Company, acting with 5th infantry—the latter by Capt. Williams' Company, acting with 6th infantry.

Rumors were passing to and fro in double quick time from Head-quarters to the man with the spy-glass, who duly reported all he could see, which was little else than fire, smoke and dust; but then he had "a right to think," and an official thought in the Army is worth the opinions of all the sensible men in it.

Many of the spectators, who were far enough in the rear to be out of danger themselves, expressed strong fears that the gallant little band, who were there as a guard to the mortars, would be compelled to return; but the mass felt confident that no man would leave that spot with his life—that those men went there to perform a duty to their country, and fully understanding and appreciating their position, would prefer leaving their lifeless bodies on the ground to returning one inch therefrom. The only term that ever can be known to such an army as we have here at present, in the decision of a battle, is victory—not a victory made up of "odds and ends"—compromisings and apology—but a victory that will redound to the honor of the country, and one that those who participate in achieving may look back upon from the "sear and yellow leaf" of life with pride.

THE NAVY.

As soon as Com. Perry perceived the land forces engaged, he ordered Capt. Tatnall, with what is called the "Musquito Fleet," consisting of the steamers Spitfire and Vixen, and five gun-boats, viz: Reefer, Bonita, Tampico, Falconer, and Petrel, to attack. Capt T. inquired at what point he should engage? Com. Perry very emphatically replied, "Wherever you can do the most execution, sir." Accordingly the little fleet took position under a point of land known as the "Lime Kiln," about a mile from the city, where they were protected from a point blank shot of the Castle. As soon as they got their position in line they opened a fire of round shot and shell at a rapid rate, and threw them "handsomely" into the town and Fort Santiago.

The Castle soon paid its respects to Capt. Tatnall, and the powerful engines of havoc and destruction were now in full blast from every quarter, hurling their dreadful and deadly missiles into each other's ranks in rapid succession, which they kept up until about dark, when the Mexican batteries comparatively ceased and the "Musquito Fleet" also held off for the night.

At 8 o'clock the party that were in the trenches were relieved by another detail. The troops who returned from the entrenchments were literally covered with smoke and dust, and so much disfigured that they could not be recognized except by their voices. Shell after shell exploded in their midst, and shot after shot threw barrels of earth from the embankments over their heads as they lay in the trenches. Their escape seems to have been miraculous, indeed, and every person is surprised that at least one-half of their number was not slain.

But here allow me to relate an incident that occurred during the heaviest of the fire—it is an evidence of the coolness of the American soldier in time of the greatest danger, and at the same time illustrates the ruling passion of a small portion of the Army, which amounts to a mania in some instances, brought on, no doubt, by having too much spare time, and no means wherewith to convert it into usefulness. A small party, who had been laying in the trenches all day, becoming tired of doing nothing, as they said, were devising some means of passing away the time. At length one of them proposed a game at cards, and hauled out an old greasy pack, and some half dozen of them sat down in the ditch to play, with nothing but tobacco for stakes. They became much interested, and it was not long before they forgot all about cannon, bomb-shells, Mexican batteries, or any thing else but their tobacco and the cards. It was not long, however, before a 13 inch shell fell on the top of the embankment; the explosion completely covered them with the earth; they all scrambled out as quick as they could, and shaking the sand from their clothing and cleaning it out from their eyes, one of them very coolly remarked, "Well, boys, I'll be darned if that didn't come mighty near being a ten strike!"

MARCH 23.—A Norther sprung up this morning, which has been blowing furiously all day, filling the air, and covering everybody with sand. The Mexican batteries have been quiet, with the exception of a few shots about midnight, when they opened a sharp fire for a short time. Our mortars have not ceased during the night, but continued to pour into the city a constant stream of fire. At one time I saw as many as six shells in the air, the whole of which exploded in the city, about the same time, with a terrific and deadly effect.

Just as daylight was approaching, Capt. Tatnall's Musquito Fleet weighed anchor, and under cover of a moon somewhat clouded, approached within 600 yards of the Castle. As soon as they had got their respective positions, they opened a broadside from the Fleet, which was answered by the Castle with great spirit, both by round shot and shell. Captain T. continued the engagement for about half an hour, although the signal from the Commodore's ship, calling him off, had been hoisted for some time; but, I suppose, was not seen, on account of a cloud of smoke which hung around the shipping.

This attack of Captain T. on the Castle is considered one of the most daring feats that has been attempted since the commencement of hostilities.

Since writing the foregoing, I have been furnished by a gentleman with the following memoranda:

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23.—Hove up anchor and got under way, at 5¼, viz: steamers Spitfire and Vixen, schrs. Reefer, Lieut. Sterrett; Bonita, Lieutenant Benham; Tampico, Lieut. Griffin; Falcon, Lieut. Glosson; Petrel, Lieut. Shaw, came to anchor at 5.30, and opened fire at 5.35; ceased firing at 7.30, by order of Capt. Tatnall.

TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 22.—At 5.30 hove up anchor and was taken in tow by Spitfire and Vixen at 5.50, and commenced firing at 6.15; at 6.30 was recalled by the Commodore, but held on about 15 minutes longer; had the fire of the Castle and town; they fired grape, round and shell; the shore battery attempted to rake us with grape, but fell short. We had not a man hurt, although the shells burst all around us. The Petrel had a hole shot through her starboard quarter from a piece of shell, and her bowsprit shroud cut away. A shell also burst under the quarter of the Spitfire and split one of the boats.

During the whole of to day, (23d) General Patterson, in conjunction with the Navy, has been making the most extraordinary exertions to finish an entrenchment to plant a marine battery, consisting of three 68's and two long 32's, which have been landed during the course of the day from on board different vessels of war.

The officers and sailors have heretofore borne the brunt of all the labor in landing the arms and munitions of war belonging to the army, and have applied themselves to it with an energy that certainly entitles them to great credit; but now that they had an opportunity of participating in that part of the expedition where honors are to be won and laurels gathered, they exerted themselves with an almost superhuman effort.

About 200 volunteers and sailors were attached to each piece of ordnance, which was by them conveyed over sand hills and hollows half knee deep in sand, and through a lagoon about 2 feet deep and 75 yards wide, with a soft bottom. They were all placed in position, about three miles from where they landed, during the night. The sailors and the volunteers worked admirably together.

During the early part of last evening, the town was lighted up by a building on fire, which was ignited by the bomb shells. It was impossible to tell what building it was, but it was supposed by the engineers to be the barracks. As soon as the fire was discovered from our mortar battery, I was very much gratified to observe the cessation of our fire—for, notwithstanding we were endeavoring to destroy the town or compel them to surrender it, with their other strongholds and fortifications, still humanity would seem to require that a temporary cessation of hostilities should take place under such circumstances. War is terrible in its most modified form; but the besieging of a city like Vera Cruz, when we know that we are battering down the houses over some fellow creatures' heads, but cannot tell whether we are destroying the soldiers, our real antagonists, or the women and children; and then to witness the burning houses lighting up the church-spires and domes of the prominent buildings, with the families moving about on the tops of the houses in the utmost consternation and apparent despair, cannot do otherwise than excite a feeling of commiseration.

MARCH 24.—After the fire in town last night, our batteries again opened and continued until morning. During the day the army guns have worked very slow, on account of a short supply of ammunition, being prevented from landing any yesterday by the Norther.

Early in the day Gen. Patterson let the town hear from him. The entrenchments and guns were entirely undiscovered by the Mexicans, until the "sailor lads" commenced unmasking. They soon commenced pouring into the city a severe and effective fire, until about 4 o'clock—their position being only 500 yards from the walls of the town, and with such a range as to enable them to flank most of the fortifications and works from whence the enemy was firing.

The following is the size and weight of the guns, with their officers, as far as I could learn them:

Potomac—Two 32 pounders, 63 cwt., Captain Aulick and Lieut. Baldwin.

Raritan—One 32 pounder, 63 cwt., Lieutenant Ingersoll.

Mississippi—One 8-inch gun, 63 cwt., Lieutenant Lee.

Albany—One 8-inch gun, 63 cwt., Lieutenant Perry.

St. Mary's—One 8-inch gun, 63 cwt., Lieutenant Kennedy.

The Navy battery set the town on fire again to-day.

The Mexicans did not fail to return General Patterson's fire with great energy and rapidity, and I am sorry to say with some effect—killing four and wounding six—among the former was Lieutenant Baldwin of the Potomac.

At 4 o'clock the officers and crews from the Navy were relieved by the following: Capt. Mayo, Lieuts. Semmes, De Camp, Frailey and Studman, Passed Midshipmen Nelson, Cazler and Wager; Midshipmen Shubrick, Joe Smith, Majaw and Upshur.

DEATH OF MR. SHUBRICK.

25th.—To-day the combatants appear to be more eager on both sides, and the firing more rapid—the army battery mounts eleven 10-inch mortars, four long 24's and four Coborns. During the morning, the Mexicans concentrated their fire as much as possible, upon Gen. Patterson and the Navy, but the return fire through the day silenced two of their batteries, and the Navy breached the wall in different places. Midshipman Shubrick and three sailors were killed, and one mortally wounded. Mr. Shubrick's death was announced at Head-quarters in the following laconic note, by the commander at the entrenchments; "Mr. Shubrick has been killed at his gun fighting." On inquiry, I learned the further particulars as follows: He was shooting at a gun in one of the bastions in the rear of the city, and was watching the effect of his shot upon that piece of artillery, when a ball from the piece he was shooting at struck him—but the last shot he fired dismounted the piece that killed him—thus, in all probability, both artillerists lost their lives in shooting at one another almost simultaneously.

COL. HARNEY'S DRAGOON FIGHT.

Information was received in camp this morning, that a body of Mexicans were hanging on our rear, intending to force the lines if possible, and make their way into the city with a number of cattle. Colonel Harney, with 120 dragoons, was ordered out in search of them, and report his observations. He discovered them, about 2,000 in number, entrenched at a bridge, and supported by two pieces of artillery, three miles from Gen. Patterson's Head-quarters. Col. Harney started on his return, intending to prepare properly and attack them the next morning. But the gallant old soldier knowing that delays are dangerous, could not bear the idea of leaving the enemy after having come in sight of them without having a brush. Accordingly he returned to the place, took a position where he could watch their movements, and keep his men secure from the enemy's fire. The Mexicans commenced firing at him, and threw a perfect shower of balls all around him, but without injury.

Col. Harney then despatched a messenger to camp for a small reinforcement, and some artillery to break the breastworks. He was reinforced from General Patterson's division, by Lieut. Judd, with two pieces of artillery, about sixty dragoons, dismounted, and six companies of the 1st and 2d Tennessee Volunteers, under the command of Col. Haskell, accompanied by General Patterson in person, although he did not take the command from Col. Harney, but merely participated as any other individual who was engaged. Col. Harney then formed the Tennesseeans on the right, his dragoons on the left, and advanced slowly, to draw the fire of the Mexicans, until Lieut. Judd got his artillery in such a position as he desired.

The movement succeeded admirably: Lieutenant Judd got his ground within 150 yards of the Mexicans, and commenced firing—they attempted to return it, but as soon as a slight breach was made in the parapet, Col. Harney ordered a charge, which was answered, by a yell from the Dragoons and Tennesseeans. Col. Haskell, Capt. Cheatham and Capt. Foster were the first men to leap over the breastwork, and as a naval officer remarked, who witnessed the whole affair, the balance went over so much like a "thousand of brick" that there was no telling who was first or last. As might have been expected, the Mexicans were unable to stand a charge from "the boys who stood the fire of the Black Fort at Monterey."

A few of the incumbrances were soon thrown out of the way, and Col. Harney, with his dragoons, leaped the breastwork and gave chase. He had not proceeded more than a mile before he found the enemy formed in line to receive him. He immediately deployed, and from the head of the line ordered a charge. When he approached within about 20 yards of the enemy's line they gave him a fire from their side arms, but overshot. Then came the test of strength and skill—the Dragoon, with sword in hand, met the confident Lancer, with pointed lance, ready to receive him. The contest was but for a short time.

In many instances lances were twisted from their clenched hands; the Mexicans were unsaddled and driven, helter-skelter, in every direction, and pursued by the Dragoons in detachments. Col. Harney and several of his officers met their men in single combat, but none of them received any injury except Lieutenant Neill, Adjutant of the Regiment, who was wounded severely in two places from his magnanimity in attempting to capture a Mexican instead of killing him. In full run he overtook the retreating Mexican, and placing his sword in front of him commanded him to surrender, whereupon the Mexican drove his lance into his magnanimous adversary. As the Lieutenant wheeled his horse to despatch him, another Mexican charged up and struck him with a lance. However, severely wounded as he was, in two places, he conquered one of his foes, and a Corporal came up in time to "settle accounts" with the other.

In this affair Col. Harney had four wounded and one killed. Lieut. Judd had one killed; and the Tennesseeans had Messrs. Fox, Long, Woodly, and one other of Capt. McCown's company, whose name I could not ascertain, wounded. Mr. Young, a Texan Ranger, who was acting as guide, was also wounded slightly. Nineteen Mexicans were found dead, at the bridge behind the breastwork. Col. Harney killed fifty and wounded about the same number. The Mexican force near 2,000; Col. Harney's about 500.

Col. Haskell, Captains Cheatham, Foster, Snead, Lieut. Judd, and all the officers and men in the command, are spoken of in the very highest terms by Col. Harney for their gallant conduct throughout the whole affair.

The Naval Officers at General Patterson's battery were relieved to-day by Capt. Breese, Lieuts. Knox, Wemford, Aldes, Taylor, Purser Harris, Midshipmen Bennett, Mayo, Morris, and some others whose names I could not learn, Drs. Baxter, Nonn and Hambleton.

To-day a white flag was sent in, asking, on behalf of the people, to allow them to leave the city, with their families and persons who were making no resistance. I could not learn what was the precise nature of the reply; but they did not get what they desired—they had waited a little too long. Gen. Scott was not the person to be caught by a ruse of this kind.

MARCH 26, 1847.—Last night Gov. Morales was strongly importuned by the inhabitants, who are said to be suffering severely, to surrender the town—but he was obstinate and would not listen to their appeals. He declared he would not surrender the garrisoned works until every man was buried underneath the ruins and not one stone left on top of another. Thereupon a meeting of the National Guard was held, and Governor Morales was deposed, and Gen. Landero placed in command.

Our batteries worked last night, and up to nine o'clock this morning, with apparent increased vigor, when a flag of truce was received by Gen. Scott, with a proffer on the part of the Mexicans, to treat for a surrender. Accordingly a commission on our part was appointed, consisting of Gens. Worth and Pillow, Col. Totten, and Capt. Aulick, of the Navy, who met the Mexican commission at the Lime Kiln, on the right of our mortar battery, about one mile distant, and they continued in session during the day.

Early this morning a Norther sprung up very suddenly, and blew most furiously all day. Rude Boreas piped his shrillest whistle, and old Neptune seemed to do his best, in the general commotion by land and sea; the rifted clouds flew like sable-winged messengers of death through the air; while the furious, lashed ocean piled her crested waves far upon the beach. The clouds of sand swept like hail across the strand, from hill-top to the valley's depth, and almost like the famed sirocco of Egypt, with maelstroom force, or the sweeping blast over Zahara's desert, filled the air with darkness, and man and beast with feelings of dismay.

The mariner was tempest tossed by the quick surges of the angry deep, and fear might well blanch the cheek of the boldest: the soldier cowered low, to escape the drifting sand that, in almost impalpable particles, penetrated even the smallest apertures; tents were lifted from their positions, and in many instances torn literally into ribbons, and clothing and camp equipage were strewn in confusion for miles around.

During the prevalence of this violent gale, the steamship Alabama went ashore, but was got off with the assistance of the boat's crew of the Princeton, under Midshipman Bassett. The brig Porpoise, about ten miles at sea, was thrown on her beam-ends and compelled to throw overboard her lee guns. About thirty vessels were driven ashore opposite Sacrificios, of which the Eliza S. Lepper was got off by the boats of the Princeton.

MARCH 27, 1847.—This morning the Mexicans did not accede to the terms of the commissioners, and orders were given to fire again at nine o'clock. However, about that hour, the enemy solicited another meeting of the commissioners.

Gen. Patterson's battery was relieved to-day by the following officers from the Navy: Capt. Forrest; Lieutenants Case, Eld, Blunt, Humphrey, Almy, Rogers and Claiborne; Midshipmen Hunter, Renshaw, Cilley, Smith, Genet, Barbour, Carter, Jones and Lodge.

A general impression pervades the camp to-day, that the Mexicans are treating only for the purpose of repairing breaches and fixing up their destroyed fortifications; but our engineers and ordnance officers have not been behind in this respect. During the day, we have been placing our guns in better position, supplying the magazine with ammunition, and providing the army with scaling ladders and their appurtenances, ready to scale the walls and pass the breaches, if necessary to take the city by storm.

The terms, however, were agreed upon, and submitted for ratification.

MARCH 28, 1847.—Com. Perry was preparing to land another battery of 10 guns from the Ohio, but the necessity was obviated by the ratification by both parties of the stipulations agreed upon by the commissioners.

The Mexicans surrendered the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and the armament and munitions of war, together with their small arms. The officers retained their side arms, and the whole surrendered as prisoners of war, and are allowed to retire into the country on their parole, General Scott furnishing them four days' rations.

The following was issued from Head-quarters, which directs the manner and force to take possession of the surrendered works. The brigade designated by Major Gen. Patterson is Gen. Pillow's.

(GENERAL ORDERS, No 72.)

ARMY HEAD QUARTERS,
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 28.

1. By articles of capitulation signed and exchanged, the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with their dependencies, are to be garrisoned by the forces of the United States tomorrow, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

2. In the meantime, no officer or man of said forces will approach either of those places nearer than our batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, respectively, except by special order or permission on some matter of public duty.

3. Pending the ceremony of surrender, the whole army will stand by its arms, each corps near its present ground, ready to advance and attack, if necessary.

4. The 1st Brigade of Regulars and a Volunteer Brigade, to be designated by Major General Patterson, together with any detachment from the United States Squadron under Com. Perry, that he may be pleased to designate, will be present at the ceremonies of evacuating and surrendering. These forces will occupy such positions at the ceremonies as may be assigned by Brigadier General Worth, detachments of whose Brigade will garrison the surrendered works.

5. Until those garrisons, with their necessary guards, sentinels and patrols, are duly established, no other person whatever shall be allowed, except on special duty, to enter either of the surrendered places.

6. The inhabitants of Vera Cruz, and their property, are placed under the safeguard of every American's honor; and any miscreant who shall do injury to any person or property, shall be promptly brought before a military commission, under General Orders, No 20.

By command of Maj. Gen. Scott.
(Signed) H. L. SCOTT, Asst. Act. Adj. Gen.

MARCH 29, 1847.—The camp of the First Brigade has been very active in making preparations to receive the compliments of the Mexican army, and their arms, and to occupy the position which they are about to yield to the superiority of our arms and courage of our troops. The following order, No. 16, will show you the disposition of our troops in the garrison, and the order of taking possession.

ORDERS No. 16.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 1st BRIGADE,
Camp Washington, near Vera Cruz, March 28.

1st. The Brigade, except the guard of all descriptions, will be under arms at 8, A. M., to-morrow morning, canteens filled, and haversacks supplied, as prescribed.

2d. Lt. Col. Duncan's light battery will take the head of the column, and be prepared to fire a salute of twenty-eight guns.

3d. One company of 2d Artillery, and one company of 8th Infantry, under Major Wright, will occupy Fort Conception; one company of Artillery and one company of Infantry, under Major Scott, will occupy Fort St. Jago; one company of Artillery and one company 4th Infantry, one company 6th Infantry, and one company 8th Infantry, under Lt. Col. Belton will occupy the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the remainder of the Brigade not on duty, will be marched to the Plaza.

4th. At 2 o'clock, P. M., the flag of the United States will be hoisted on the several named works, a salute of twenty-eight guns fired from each, beginning at Fort St. Jago—next Fort Conception—next San Juan de Ulloa—and finally from the light battery of the Plaza.

5th. Not an officer or soldier will be allowed to leave his ranks or station until further orders.

6th. During the ceremony of the surrendering of the Mexican troops, not the slightest noise or cheering will be permitted. When our flags are hoisted, in addition to the batteries, they may be saluted with cheers by soldiers not under arms.

By order of Brig. GENERAL WORTH.
(Signed) W. W. MACKALL, A. A. G.

At 2 o'clock, Gens. Worth and Pillow's brigade formed about 300 yards apart, opposite each other, and the Mexicans marched out, stacked their arms, and marched off. Our troops then moved in column into the city at 2 o'clock, planted the star spangled banner on the walls where but a short time previous had waved that of a vain and conceited foe. The stars and stripes went up first on Fort Santiago, and then on Fort Conception, and then on the Castle and other places. Each flag as it went up, received the national salute, which was answered by the squadron—the yards of the vessels were manned, and our colors hailed with three cheers.

Com. Perry was present in the Musquito Fleet under Captain Tatnall, at the evacuation and surrender.

The Mexicans variously estimated their loss at from 500 to 1,000 killed and wounded, BUT ALL AGREE THAT THE LOSS AMONG THE SOLDIERY IS COMPARATIVELY SMALL, AND THE DESTRUCTION AMONG THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN IS VERY GREAT. Among their killed is Gen. Felix Valdez, an officer of some celebrity. Our loss in the Army and Navy is about 25 killed and about 40 wounded, but many of them slightly. Among our killed are two officers of the Army and one of the Navy. Captains Albertis and Vinton, of the Army, and Midshipman Shubrick, of the Navy.

Lieut. Col. Dickinson, Lieuts. Neil and Baldwin, I am happy to state, are recovering very fast, and the wounded generally are doing well.

At the time of the surrender, the Mexicans had but two days' ammunition and three days' subsistence, which accounts for their generally withholding their fire during the night.

During the bombardment our Army have thrown the following number and size of shot:—

ARMY BATTERY.

3,000 ten-inch shells,	90 lbs. each.
500 round shot,	25 lbs. each.
200 eight-inch howitzer shells,	68 lbs. each.

GEN. PATTERSON'S NAVY BATTERY.

1,000 Paixhan shot,	68 lbs. each.
800 round shot,	32 lbs. each.

MUSQUITO FLEET, CAPT. TATNALL.

1,200 shot and shell, averaging	62 lbs. each.

Making, in all, 6,700 shot and shell, weighing 463,600 lbs.

The destruction in the city is most awful—one-half of it is destroyed. Houses are blown to pieces, and furniture scattered in every direction—the streets torn up, and the strongest buildings seriously damaged.

Gen. Scott has certainly achieved a great, glorious and almost bloodless victory over an enemy in a position that was considered impregnable.—Throughout the whole affair he has preserved the most perfect equilibrium of temper, and the characteristic coolness and courage of a great General and noble soldier, and while, from the necessities of the case demanding from the enemy his own terms, he has tempered the rigor of the circumstances with humanity—the best evidence of a brave and competent officer.

The Engineer Corps, under Col. Totten, have applied themselves to the discharge of their duties as became them in their position, and endured the privations and exposure of the weather and the fire of the enemy without regard to health or loss of life.

No division or portion of the army has been better conducted than that of the Ordnance throughout the whole of the operations, and no men are entitled to a greater degree of credit than Capt. Huger and Lieut. Hagner; their duty has been arduous, and they have labored night and day to discharge it, in fair weather and foul, both at the general depot and in the entrenchments, and I saw these officers up to their knees in water during the prevalence of the heavy Norther, to rescue their stores from loss.

Gen. Patterson has acquired for himself a high reputation as a gallant soldier and an able officer. His official duties have necessarily been heavy and laborious; in which he has been well sustained by an efficient staff, consisting of Maj. G. A. McCall, Capt. McClelland, Lieut. S. Williams, and Lieut. Mead.

Although the veteran Twiggs and that able officer Col. P. F. Smith have not had an opportunity of attacking the city, or figuring conspicuously in the engagement, they have had an important and responsible position assigned to them on the road to Mexico, which they maintained and occupied with great vigilance.

The general health of the army is good. The men have been well supplied with provisions since their first landing; but how could it be otherwise, with such an officer as Capt. Grayson at the head of the department, second by the Quarter-master? now in the service.

Gen. Quitman's Brigade is to take up its line of march for Alvarado on the 30th, and Gen. Twiggs will move in column on the National Bridge, thirty miles from Vera Cruz, where, it is expected, some resistance will be made.

The Princeton left on the evening of the 29th, and was saluted by the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa as she passed out. She made the trip in three days and ten hours.

I learn that Com. Perry has put in a claim for the captured property as a prize to the Navy. The Army is not entitled to prize money, and I can see no good reason why the Navy should not receive at least one-half of the captured property. They have done all the labor in landing the Army and their provisions, armament and Quarter-master's stores—have labored assiduously, in good and bad weather, to perform their part of the service—they have done an ample share of the fighting—their battery has done as much as any other to bring the Mexicans to terms—and from the first landing of the troops to the surrender, have distinguished themselves in the discharge of the duties assigned them. Without their co-operation, in my humble opinion, we would not have been able to operate against Vera Cruz at all.

On the 20th, a detachment from the New York and Pennsylvania Regiments had a skirmish with a body of Cavalry, in which they killed and wounded six and lost two—Mr. Miller, Company G., 1st Penn., killed, and Mr. Bull, New York, wounded slightly. In a skirmish with some Mexican scouts and Gen. Twiggs' picket, Sergeant Blake, of Capt. Bainbridge's Company 4th Artillery, was killed, and private James Stevens wounded.

The following were the terms of capitulation finally agreed on:

Generals W. J. Worth and G. J. Pillow, and Col. S. G. Totten, chief engineer, on the part of Major Gen. Scott, General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and Colonel Jose Gutierrez de Villanueva, Lieut. Col. of the Engineers, Manuel Robles, and Col. Pedro de Herrera, Commissioners appointed by General of Brigade Don Jose Juan Landero, commanding in chief, Vera Cruz, the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and their dependencies—for the surrender to the arms of the United States of the said forts, with their armaments, munitions of war, garrisons and arms.

1. The whole garrison, or garrisons to be surrendered to the arms of the United States, as prisoners of war, the 29th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the garrisons to be permitted to march out with all the honors of war, and to lay down their arms to such officers as may be appointed by the General-in-Chief of the United States armies, and at a point to be agreed upon by the Commissioners.

2. Mexican officers shall preserve their arms and private effects, including horses and horse furniture, and to be allowed, regular and irregular officers, as also the rank and file, five days to retire to their respective homes, on parole, as hereinafter prescribed.

3. Coincident with the surrender, as stipulated in article one, the Mexican flags of the various forts and stations shall be struck, saluted by their own batteries; and, immediately thereafter, forts Santiago and Conception, and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, occupied by the forces of the United States.

4. The rank and file of the regular portion of the prisoners to be disposed of, after surrender and parole, as their General-in-Chief may desire, and the irregular to be permitted to return to their homes. The officers, in respect to all arms and descriptions of force, giving the usual parole, that the said rank and file, as well as themselves, shall not serve again until duly exchanged.

5. All the *material* of war, and all public property of every description found in the city, the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and their dependencies, to belong to the United States; but the armament of the same (not injured or destroyed in the further prosecution of the actual war) may be considered as liable to be restored to Mexico by a definitive treaty of peace.

6. The sick and wounded Mexicans to be allowed to remain in the city, with such medical officers of the Army as may be necessary to their care and treatment.

7. Absolute protection is solemnly guaranteed to persons in the city, and property, and it is clearly understood that no private building or property is to be taken or used by the forces of the United States without previous arrangement with the owners, and for a fair equivalent.

8. Absolute freedom of religious worship and ceremonies is solemnly guaranteed.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 10, 1847.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened this week with a fair demand, and several parcels changed hands at $6,25 per bbl for good brands. Subsequently the limited stocks and the general tenor of the partial advices from England received during the week, induced holders to ask a further advance, and sales were made at $6,37½a6,50, $6,75a6,87½, and Western for future delivery at $6,50, 6,62½a6,75 per bbl, closing firm at the highest rates. Total week's sales 16,600 barrels. The sales for city use have ranged from $6,75 to 7,50 per bbl. Rye Flour has been in limited request at $4,75. Corn Meal is again higher, sales of 3000 bbls Pennsylvania at $4,44a4,50 and $4,5? early in the week, and subsequently at $4,62½a4,75, and to day a parcel to arrive at $4,62½ per bbl.

GRAIN.—Wheat has been in fair demand, and prices are higher. Sales of 30,000 bushels at $1,34a1,36 early in the week, and since at $1,40 for Pennsylvania and $1,28a1,33 and $1,35 for Southern. Rye is scarce and prices firm at 85a87½c for Pennsylvania. Corn has been in good demand, with large sales—early in the week at 93a95c for Pennsylvania and 83a85 and 90a93 for Southern. Subsequently at 98½cts a$1,02 for Pennsylvania and 98a$1 for Southern. Oats have sold at 45a48c for Southern, and 48a50 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Pork has been in better demand, and sales of new Mess have been made at $16a16,50, and Prime at $13a13,50 per bbl. Bacon sells readily on arrival at 9½a10½ cts for Hams; 9a9½ for Sides, and 8 for Shoulders. Lard continues in fair request at 9½a10c for Western. Butter is without change. Cheese is steady, with few sales at 8½a8¾c.

BARK—As we have noticed in several preceding reviews, the supply of Quercitron continues very light, and it is taken on arrival at $33 per ton for first quality No. 1, and in proportion for other grades.

BEESWAX—We note sales of 3000 lbs good yellow at 27a27½c.

CANDLES—Prices are steady, with small sales.

COAL—The demand is yet very moderate, with an accumulating stock on the River Depot. Most of the amount shipped Eastward this week has been to fill contracts made at the opening of the season.

COPPER—Prices of new Sheathing are steady at 23 cts, 6 mos.

COFFEE—The market has again been inanimate, and we have only to note the sales of 950 bags St. Domingo, on the wharf at 6½a6¾, and 1200 Rio and Laguayra at 7½ a8c, on the usual credit. By auction, to-day, 100 bags Rio at 7½c. A cargo of 2500 bags Laguayra has arrived to day.

COTTON—The market has exhibited but little animation this week, and the tenor of the advices received to-day per Wyoming at this port, has further depressed the market; and dealers generally prefer awaiting the fall intelligence per steamer. We note sales of 625 bales, including Upland, New Orleans and Mississippi, at prices within our range.

	New Orleans.	Upland.
Middling,	10¾a11¼	11 a11¼
" Fair,	12¼a12¾	12½a13
Good Fair,	12¾a13¼	13 a13½

DOMESTIC GOODS—Most of the Western traders having obtained their Spring supplies, the demand has slightly abated, though a fair business is doing for the Pennsylvania and near trade.

FEATHERS—Are in some demand. We note sales of 12,000 lbs only fair to good Western at 26a30 cts per pound.

FISH—Mackerel sell in small lots at $10a10,75 for No. 1, $8a9 for No. 2, and $6a7 for No. 3 per bbl.

GUANO—Continues in fair demand, with free sales at $37a38 per ton.

HEMP—The continued scarcity of all descriptions has again prevented operations to any extent.

HIDES—We hear of a sale of 2500 Laguayra, a resale at 10½c.

HOPS—Small sales of first sort at 9½c.

IRON—The demand continues moderate. We note sales of 800 tons Pennsylvania Pig at $26a28 for Charcoal Iron.

LEAD—Has been in request. Sales of 3000 pigs Missouri at about $4,44, on time.

LUMBER—Supplies of North Carolina are increasing, and we note cargo sales of Yellow Pine Lumber at $16a17 per M feet.

MOLASSES—The supplies of Cuba are heavy. We note sales of 400 hhds, tcs and bbls Cienfuegos and Trinidad, at 28a30 cts; 350 hhds Matanzas, supposed at 25 cents; 50 do Porto Rico, and 250 bbls New Orleans, at 37½c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—We note sales of 500 bbls Rosin at $1,50 per bbl, and some Tar at $2,50. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 65c.

OILS—Linseed has been sold to some extent at 75a78c; Spring Sperm is scarce and in moderate request; Whale sells freely at 41c, on the wharf. In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER—Comes forward more freely. Sales early in the week at $3,75a3,62½, and since at $3,37½ per ton.

RICE—Early in the week, several sales were made at 4½ cts, but the advices from the South, to-day, being more favorable, has induced a better feeling, and holders have refused 4½c for good quality.

SALT—We note sales of 1500 sacks Liverpool fine, 1500 do ground, and 3000 Turks Island, supposed at full rates.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been in good demand, and the receipts being light prices are well supported. Sales of fair to good quality at $4,25a4,50 per bushel. We note sales of 3000 bushels Calcutta Linseed at $1,87½, and 2500 American Flaxseed in lots at $1,55a1,56 per bushel.

SPIRITS—We note further sales of 200 pipes French Brandy on the wharf, at $1,90 for Bordeaux; $2 for Rochelle, and $2,75a2,80 for Cogniac. In Holland Gin, and N. E. Rum, no change. Whiskey has sold at 27 cts in hhds, and 28 and 29 in bbls.

TALLOW—Continues scarce, with small sales, at 8a 8½ cents.

TEAS—There is a fair demand for most descriptions at full rates.

TOBACCO—The continued light receipts keeps the market inactive, and we are again without any operations of interest to report.

WINES—The principal operations this week have been by auction.

WOOL—There has been no material variation either in price or demand, since our last review.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

300 shares	Morris Canal,	21¼a22
350 do.	Reading R. R.	30¼
174 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	11¼a11½
100 do.	United States Bank,	5
17 do.	Northern Liberty Bank,	45
11 do.	Lehigh Coal,	28¼
11 do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	97
10 do.	Norristown Railroad,	10
10 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	52¼
$2800	Texas 8 pr ct bds,	22
$300	U. S. Treas. Notes,	101½
$300	Nav. 6's, 1856,	75½
$5000	Texas 10 pr ct b5,	21
$1000	State 5's, cash,	71½
$1500	U. S. 6's, 1867,	103¼
$13,000	Texas Trea. Notes,	14½a15½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beef Cattle—There were 750 head offered and all taken, including 160 for New York, at $6 a8 per 100 lbs for common to prime beasts, which is a slight advance. Cows and Calves—310 offered—sales of Dry Cows at $7 to 14; Springers at $12 to 22; and Milch Cows at $15 to 30 each. Swine—560 brought in; prime are well supported, and all offered sold at $7a7,75 per 100 lbs. Sheep—1100 offered, and sales made at $1,95a4,00 each.

Baltimore, April 9.—Beef Cattle—300 head of Beeves were offered at the scales, all of which were taken except 43 head. Prices $3a4 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $6a7,75 nett, and average $3,62½. Hogs—The supply of live hogs is small. They are in good request, at $6,75a7 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, April 9.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $3,25a3,50; nett $6,50a7,00, according to quality. Sheep—Clipped $2,50a2,75; Lambs $2,50a3,00, scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $6 50a7.

NEW YORK MARKETS, April 10.

ASHES—Sales of 50 barrels of Pots were made at $5. Pearls were held firm at $6,37½a6,50.

BEESWAX—Was quiet, and no sales of consequence reported.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—Sales of 500 bbls Genesee, to arrive by the river, at $7,50; 500 do at $7,62½; 200 do Jersey sold at $7; 2000 to Genesee to arrive in all the year, at $5,44; Southern continued in fair demand, though sales were limited—100 bbls Georgetown sold at $7,12½, and sales of other brands were made, to arrive, on terms which did not transpire. Wheat—1200 bushels Jersey red were reported sold at $1,40, and 1500 do Delaware do at $1,46.

CORN—We report sales of 1500 bushels yellow, in the slip, at 101c; 4000 do Northern yellow, to arrive in ten days, at 100c; 2000 do, to arrive in June, at 78c; 5000 do Western mixed, to arrive in July, at 77c; 2000 do Northern yellow, to be delivered alongside of ship, at 102c; and 3000 do white, on terms not mentioned. Corn Meal—We report sales of 1000 bbls of New Jersey, on private terms, and 1400 do at $4,87½. Rye—A sale of 1000 bushels was made at 90c. Rye Flour—We report sales of 560 bbls, at $4,87½. Oats—Sales of 4000 bushels North River, were made at 48c.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.—The Baltimore Patriot in its review of business affairs for the last week says:—"As none of the new crop has come to market of any consequence, the transactions are of no moment. Receipts are expected to be at hand soon, when prices will be fixed. In the mean time we continue as nominal the following rates, which are—Maryland $1,50 to 2,50 for inferior and common; $3a5 for good common; $4a7 for good; $8a12 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common middling $1,25a3,50; good $4a7; fine reds $5 a10; fine yellow $5a10; extra kinds $10a12. The inspections are 848 hhds, including 564 Maryland, 41 Ohio and 23 Kentucky."

Bank Note List.

☞ Same as last week, with the exception of
Bank of Virginia and Branches (Va.) 1 dis.
All Solvent Banks (N. C.) 1½ dis.
Notes (Ky.) 1½ dis.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!—No. 280 CHESNUT Street—WILLIAMS OGLE, COACH MAKER, late of the firm of Ogle & Watson, respectfully informs his friends and former patrons, that he has opened at his new Coach Factory, No. 280 CHESNUT St. above Tenth, South side, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with punctuality and despatch, and intends keeping on hand an assortment of FASHIONABLE CARRIAGES. ap 17 6m
N. B.—Particular attention paid to REPAIRING.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.
Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
feb 14-tf ANDREW S. CHAMBERS

BALDNESS AND LOSS OF HAIR is caused by a want of healthy action of the vessels which throw off the perspiration from the head. When these vessels are weak or diseased, the perspiration is thick and clammy, and adheres to the mouths of the pores, and clogs them up, and dries and forms scurvy or dandruff. Less blood is then carried to the roots of the hair, and for want of which the hair has not sufficient nourishment, and consequently becomes dry and harsh, and begins insensibly to fall off, which continuing to increase eventually produces baldness. Restore the capillary vessels of the hair to their former healthy circulation, and a fine silky new hair will make its appearance, which will increase in quantity and volume until the bald becomes thick and healthy.

Jayne's Hair Tonic is the only preparation that has ever been known to produce new hair on bald heads, which it has done in innumerable instances, and will seldom fail, if properly and perseveringly used.

This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from SCURF and DANDRUFF, prevents the hair from falling off, or becoming prematurely GRAY, CURES those eruptive diseases which often appear upon the head, and in a majority of cases, a fine growth of NEW HAIR. It also gives the hair a rich and beautiful appearance, unequalled by anything of the kind.

☞ JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This is undoubtedly the most valuable, as it is decidedly the most popular medicine of its kind ever introduced into this State. The demand for it has been constant and increasing, from the time it was first offered for sale here, last January, to the present time. Numerous testimonials of its real worth and usefulness, from very many of our citizens might be produced; but a trial will satisfy all that it is a speedy cure for coughs, colds, influenza, asthma, hoarseness, and all kinds of pulmonary affections.—*Bangor (Me.) Daily Whig.*

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. ap 17-3t

ALMANAC.

March, 1847.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
17 SATURDAY,	5 25	6 35	4 23	
18 SUNDAY,	5 23	6 37	4 34	D. H. M.
19 MONDAY,	5 22	6 38	5 18	
20 TUESDAY,	5 21	6 39	6 5	
21 WEDNESDAY,	5 20	6 40	7 0	Last 3 9 56
22 THURSDAY,	5 19	6 41	8 6	New 15 0 52
23 FRIDAY,	5 17	6 43	9 13	First 22 3 39
24 SATURDAY,	5 16	6 44	10 23	Full 27 7 56

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April 4,	60	60	60
5,	51	53	64
6,	46	51	48
7,	64	60	68
8,	55	66	73
9,	59	61	67
10,	55	61	72

Married,

On the 11th inst. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSEPH BARR, to Miss ELIZABETH MATTHEWS, of Kensington.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. JOSEPH M. LOWE, of Chester Creek, to Miss ANN K. FLANAGAN, of the same place.

On the 7th inst. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM H. DURBOROW, to Miss MARGARET BARCLAY, all of Spring Garden.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. W. H. MORRIS, to Miss ELIZA ROE BROOKS, both of Delaware county.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. RUDOLPH JULIUS LYONS, of Manayunk, to Miss ROSANNA SILCOX, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. THOMAS J. LOWE, to Miss MARGARET ADAMS, all of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. A. Gillette, ELWOOD P. WORRELL, of Philadelphia, to SARAH, daughter of Catharine Foster, of Baltimore.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE HUBBS, to Miss SARAH NORCROSS, daughter of Mr. Isaac Norcross, all of Spring Garden.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bonade, CHAUNCEY D. BUNCE, of New Orleans, to Miss SUSANNAH LOUISA, daughter of Wm. Ginder, Sr. of this city.

At Hestonville, by the Rev. J. James Baker, Mr. HENRY A. YOCUM, to Miss EMMA MATILDA WORDEN, both of Kingsessing, Philadelphia county.

Died,

On the 11th inst. ANNA J. BROWN, aged 9 years.
On the 11th inst. JOHN C. MCGROADY, aged 9 years.
On the 9th inst. Mr. JOHN MILEY, aged 33 years.
On the 9th inst. Miss MARY ANN MCLAUGHLIN, aged 21 years.
On the 8th inst. JAMES C. JUSTUS, aged 35 years.
On the 8th inst. CHARLES K. OFFERMAN, aged 26.
Mrs. SARAH BUSBY.
On the 4th mo. 9th inst. SARAH J. CARR, aged 51.
On the 7th inst. JOHN BULLOCK, aged 62 years.
On the 9th inst. Miss ELIZABETH DOWELL, aged 47.
On the 7th inst. Mr. JACOB MOONEY, aged 58 years.
On the 7th inst. Miss MARY SOPHIA HIGHAM, aged 17.
On the 8th inst. AMANDA M. ROSE, aged 4 years.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. SARAH HENRY.
On the 9th inst. EDWARD, infant son of John T. and Frances James, aged 11 months.
On the 8th inst. SARAH ANN, only daughter of Bartly and Ellen Illingsworth, aged 2 years and 9 months.
On the 9th inst. Mrs. SOPHIA SMITH, aged 38 years.
On the 9th inst. ANN, wife of Andrew Shainline.
On the 8th inst. ANN ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of Geo. and Catharine D. Remsen, aged 5 weeks.
At Burlington, N. J. on the 8th instant, MARY ROHR, eldest daughter of J. F. and Matilda Lamarselie, aged 6.
On the 6th inst. CONRAD THIELL, aged 34 years.
On the 8th inst. JACOB BAKER, aged 30 years.
On the 8th inst. WILLIAM M. youngest son of Thos. S. and Elizabeth Davis, aged 2 years and 2 months.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. LOUISA MOYER WORN, aged 60.
On the 6th inst. THOMAS NESBIT, Printer, aged 63.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH LAVIS.
On the 5th inst. CHARLES DAVIS, aged 8 months.
On the 6th inst. Mr. THOMAS WINTER, aged 59.
On the 7th inst. MERCY, wife of Alex. Jamieson.
On the 6th inst. VIRGINIA, only child of Jas. and Malvina A. Campbell, aged 7 years.
On the 6th inst. ANDREW BROOKS, son of Robert and Isabella Crowe, aged 17 months.
On the 5th inst. aged 75 years, Mr. JOHN MOSS.
On the 6th inst. LAMBERT E. son of J. S. Warner.
On the 5th inst. JOSEPH A. DEAN, aged 48 years.
On the 3d inst. at his residence, Paradise, Lancaster county, Pa. Mr. HENRY WITMER, formerly merchant of this city, aged 48 years.
On the 6th inst. WM. MATSINGER, aged 30 years.
On the 6th inst. ANDREW, youngest son of Hugh and Rebecca McConnell, aged 2 years.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. ELIZA A. SWEETMAN, aged 26.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. SUSANNAH POWELL, aged 88.

OBITUARY.

At 7 o'clock, on Monday morning, the 5th of April, at the residence of her father, near Princeton, Mercer co., N. J., Mrs. CAROLINE, wife of Jacob S. C. Pittenger, and eldest daughter of J. Smith Leigh, Esq., after an illness of 3 weeks, in the 23d year of her age.

There is something in death occurring under any circumstances even to the aged, which casts a gloom around and admonishes the living of the uncertainty of all earthly hopes; but in the death of the young, and the intelligent, the solemnity of *this* truth is apparent, that life is a fleeting vapor, as evanescent as a moment. It is rarely that death in its inroads upon the domestic circle strikes *one* with whom fonder associations, or more deeply cherished recollections than the lamented object of this notice. Gifted with qualities that made her an ornament in the social circle, she retained them in all their freshness, and enjoyment to the close of her life, while domestic virtues and a highly cultivated mind combined to form a character alike beautiful and useful, cherished and beloved in life, regretted and mourned in death. She possessed in a high degree the desire and art of pleasing. The smile of her countenance, the kindness of her heart, and the intelligent and variety of her conversation, rendered her society acceptable, and delightful. She had a soul formed for friendship, and sweet and grateful was its fellowship, and the memory of it is the mournful reminiscences of joys that are fled. Her sufferings were very severe, (being a disease of the brain,) but she bore them with great fortitude. She left a husband and two small children to mourn her loss. Among the friends and companions of the deceased, the death of their associate has left a void which cannot soon be filled; the heart that throbbed in unison with theirs is stilled forever, the light of that pleasant smile with which she was wont to greet them is quenched in the darkness of death, the sound of her cheerful voice shall be heard no more, and the warmth of her generous spirit is cold in the dark chambers of her grave. She has gone, and the places that have known her shall know her no more.

She has gone from us forever,
There is dust upon her brow,
And coldness in her kindly heart
Which never was cold till now.

The estimation in which she was held by the community was evinced by the numerous attendance at her burial, as well as by the universal sympathy with the distressed parents. C.

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BEVERLY, RANDOLPH CO., VA., APRIL 3d, 1847.
DEAR SIR:—I received your Spring and Summer Reports, also your splendid Fashion Plate, which our people say far surpasses anything of the kind ever seen in this part of Virginia. I am so pleased with it that I wish you to send me last Fall and Winter Plate by return mail. I intend to have them both framed, and shall keep them as a *proud memorial* of the new era in Tailoring, which this will necessarily create in this section of country. I am very much pleased with *your System of Cutting*, and shall use it entirely. The diagrams are so plain, and the instructions so complete, that he must be a numb skull indeed who can't understand it. I find little or no difficulty in drafting either coat, vest or pants. The coats are decidedly superior in the fit and general appearance to any ever cut or made by me before. By next Fall I will have a year's subscription ready for you in advance. I have great faith in prompt payments. Money is said to be the sinew of war, but I think it is the sinew of a good many other things as well as war. By wishing you long life and prosperity in your useful career, I remain your friend THOS. LENDON.
Mr. F. MAHAN, 211 Chesnut street. 1t*

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This large and splendid Collection is now open to the public every day from 9 A. M. till 10 P. M. It consists of upwards of Sixty beautifully modelled original Figures, exhibiting all the different grades of life amongst this ancient and curious people, (numbering about four hundred millions,) from the Emperor and his Mandarins, arrayed in their gorgeous embroidered Satin Dresses, to the beggar in his tattered garments soliciting alms. More than 400 Paintings in Oil and Water Colors, by Chinese artists; numerous models of Chinese Temples, Theatres, Stores, Summer Houses, Bridges, Junks and Boats. Specimens of Manufactures of Silk, Cotton and Porcelain; their Musical Instruments, their carving in ivory, wood and stone—and a great number of Lanterns of the most curious shapes and description.
Two Chinese are attached to the Museum, one of whom is a professor of music, and will occasionally sing a Chinese Song, accompanying himself on some of his curious instruments.
For sale at the Ticket Office is a Descriptive Catalogue, containing miscellaneous remarks upon the Government, History, Religions, Literature, Agriculture, Arts, Trade, Manners and Customs of the Chinese, as suggested by an examination of the Museum.
Admittance FIFTY CENTS. Children under twelve years, half price. Season Tickets $3. ap 10-4m

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL
FOR BOYS,
SITUATED ON THE CROSSWICKS ROAD, three miles from Bordentown, N. J., will open for the Summer term on the 17th of 5th mo. (May,) 1847.
A competent teacher is engaged. The number of scholars limited to twenty. For particulars enquire of
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Or of the Principal, HENRY W. RIDGWAY,
Direct to Crosswicks P. O., N. J. ap 10-3m*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. THIS MEDICINE has already proved itself to be all that it has been recommended, by those who have given it a fair test in this country, and the demand for it increases daily. We have just heard of an important cure of Asthma, which has been effected by the use of it, in a neighboring town—the case was that of a female who had for a long time been under the care of a physician but had received no relief, and her case was considered hopeless. As a last resort she purchased a bottle of *Dr. Jayne's Expectorant*, which caused her to expectorate freely, gradually eased her cough, and is rapidly restoring her to health. We have no hesitation in saying that this preparation of Dr. Jayne for cure of coughs, colds, influenza, asthma, consumptions, &c., is the most valuable medicine ever offered to the American public. There is no quackery about it—Dr. Jayne is one of the most skilful practising physicians in Pennsylvania; and wherever his various preparations have been thoroughly tested, he is looked upon as a great benefactor.—*Somerset (Me.) Journal.*

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT may be cured with *certainty*, and at a trifling expense, by taking every night, at bed-time, two or three of Jayne's Sanative Pills, and a dose of either his Alterative or Vermifuge three times a day. This treatment *never fails to cure.*

WELL, WELL! I'M BECOMING BALD, and can't help it, is frequently expressed by those whose Hair, (like a false friend) is leaving them. Now this is all a mistake; JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, faithfully applied for a week, will preserve the Hair from falling off, remove all dirt and *dandruff*, prevent its becoming prematurely gray, cure *eruptive* diseases of the scalp, and still more, by its continued use re-clothe the head with *new and beautiful hair.*
The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. ap 3-3t

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ROPE MAKER AND SHIP CHANDLER,
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Keeps constantly on hand, *Rope of all descriptions*, of his own manufacture.

Tow Lines for Canal Boats,	Packing Yarn,
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Bed Cords,	Sacking Bottoms,
Manilla Rope,	Wagon Covers,
White do.	Awnings, &c., made to order.
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PREPARING FOR IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION. The AMERICAN DRAWING-BOOK. By J. G. CHAPMAN. Part I., PRIMARY INSTRUCTIONS and RUDIMENTS OF DRAWING, will be published on the first of April.
The work will be published in parts, in the course of which—
PRIMARY INSTRUCTIONS AND RUDIMENTS OF DRAWING;
DRAWING FROM NATURE—MATERIALS AND METHODS;
PERSPECTIVE—COMPOSITION—LANDSCAPE—FIGURES, &c.
DRAWING, AS APPLICABLE TO THE MECHANIC ARTS;
PAINTING IN OIL AND WATER COLORS;
THE PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND SHADE;
EXTERNAL ANATOMY OF THE HUMAN FORM, AND COMPARATIVE ANATOMY;
THE VARIOUS METHODS OF ETCHING, ENGRAVING, MODELLING, etc.,
Will be severally treated, separately; so that, as far as practicable, each part will be complete in itself, in the whole, "*a Manual of Information sufficient for all the purposes of the Amateur, and Basis of Study for the Professional Artist, as well as a valuable Assistant to Teachers in Public and Private Schools*," to whom it is especially recommended, as a work destined to produce a revolution in the system of popular education, by making the Arts of Design accessible and familiar to all, from the concise and intelligible manner in which the subject is treated throughout.
The want of such a work has been the great cause of neglect of this important branch of education; and this want is at once fully supplied by the
AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK:
upon which Mr. Chapman has been for years engaged; and it is now produced, without regard to expense, in all its details, and published at a price to place it within the means of every one.
The work will be published in large quarto form, put up in substantial covers, and issued as rapidly as the careful execution of the numerous engravings and the mechanical perfection of the whole, will allow.
☞ Any one part may be had separately. ☜
PRICE 50 CENTS EACH PART.
☞ The DRAWING COPY-BOOKS, intended as auxiliary to the work, in assisting Teachers to carry out the system of instruction, especially in the Primary and Elementary parts, from a new and valuable addition to the means of instruction. They will be sold at a cost beyond that of ordinary blank books. jan 30-eowtf
J. S. REDFIELD, Publisher,
Clinton Hall, New York.

HARDWARE.—MOORE, HEYL & Co., No. 139 MARKET street, Philadelphia, are now receiving a large supply of American and English Hardware and Cutlery, direct from the manufacturers, to which they would invite the attention of buyers visiting our city. They confidently assert that their long experience in the business, together with the facilities afforded by abundant means, will enable them to offer great inducements to purchasers both as to prices and extensive stock. j30-4m

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.—WE HAVE been informed by MRS ROSE of a cure performed on her by Dr. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, which proves its superiority over every other remedy of the kind. She has been afflicted for the last sixteen years with NECROSES or WHITE SWELLINGS, attended with ulcerations and exfoliation of various bones, during which time pieces have been discharged from the frontal bone of the cranium, from both her arms, wrists and hands, and from both legs, and from the left femoral bone, and from the right knee, besides painful ulcers on other parts of her person, which has baffled the skill of a number of the most eminent physicians of our city—during most of the time her sufferings have been excruciating and deplorable. About three months since she was induced to try Dr. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, which has had an astonishingly happy effect upon her, by removing all pain and swellings, and causing the ulcers to heal, while at the same time her general health has become completely restored, so that she now weighs some twenty-five pounds more than she did before she commenced the use of this truly valuable preparation.—*Native Eagle.*
For further information inquire of Mrs. ROSE, No. 128 Filbert, Philadelphia.

WM. TERRELL, Corning, N. Y., April 14, 1846—I have had occasion to prescribe your ALTERATIVE for a Scrofulous Affection of the Breast, with good effect—it was a case of long standing and had been considered incurable.

WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP.—TO PARENTS.—JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is, without exception, the most valuable preparation to use for the above diseases. It converts WHOOPING COUGH into a mild and tractable disease, and shortens its duration more than one-half, and produces a certain and speedy recovery. From half to one teaspoonful will certainly cure the CROUP in infants and young children in half an hour's time. The lives of hundreds of children will be annually saved by keeping it always on hand ready for every emergency.
The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. ap 10-3t

A NATURAL REMEDY,
Suited to the Human Constitution, will be found in
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.
THESE extraordinary Pills are composed of plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil, and are, therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth
SUBJECT TO BUT ONE DISEASE,
namely, corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on NATURAL PRINCIPLES,
by cleansing and purifying the body, it will be manifest that, if the constitution be not entirely exhausted, a perseverance in their use, according to directions, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.
When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, we drain it of the superabundant water. In like manner, if we wish to restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this
GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,
because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humor, the cause of the disease, in an easy and *Natural Manner*; and while they every day GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE, disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills may be had wholesale or retail of the following highly respectable storekeepers, in the different sections of the country, to wit:
Samuel S. Brooks, Augusta, Me.
Edward Mason, Portland, Me.
N. March, Portsmouth, N. H.
Wm. P. Allen, Providence, R. I.
E. F. Stafford, St. Alban's, Franklin Co., Vt.
Crosswell & Jewett, New Haven, Ct.
Wibert & Battey, Jewellers, Buffalo, N. Y.
Sage & Brother, Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.
Chas. C. Yard, variety and seed store, Trenton, N. J.
John Thompson, grocer, 153 Liberty st., Pittsburg, Pa.
O. D. Spafford, book and stationary store, Erie, Pa.
John B. Lewis, grocer, Wilmington, Del.
Isaac P. Cook, book store, Baltimore, Md.
A. H. Hunt, grocery and queensware, Frederick, Md.
Andrew Kidd, general store, Port Deposit, Md.
R. Farnham, book store, Washington city, D. C.
Jas. Mellor, variety and music store, Wheeling, Va.
H. M. House, dry goods store, Cleveland, Ohio.
Saml. Garrett, cor. of Main and Gano sts., Cin. Ohio.
G. W. Noble, literary depot, Louisville, Ky.
Chas. H. Wickliffe, grocer, Lexington, Ky.
John York, book store, Nashville, Tenn.
E. W. Rowlett, dry goods store, Memphis, Tenn.
Tomlinson & Brother, dry goods store, Indianopolis, Ia.
J. S. Thompson, dry goods store, Madison, Ia.
Newton Flagg, dry goods store, Quincy, Ill.
C. F. Hughes, dry goods store, Springfield, Ill.
Alex. McFarren, dry goods store, Detroit, Mi.
John Cronthite, dry goods store, St. Joseph, Mi.
Phelps & Blakeely, corner Chesnut and Third streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Ford & Scantlin, dry goods store, Helena, Ark.
N. W. Dean, dry goods store, Madison, Wiscon.
E. C. Lyon, dry goods store, Iowa city, Iowa.
McNair & Co., dry goods store, Jackson, Miss.
G. S. Painter, dry goods store, Natchez, Miss.
M. Boullmet, literary depot, Mobile, Ala.
A. Bronsema, at Picayune book bindery, N. Orl'ns, La.
H. D. Turner, book store, Raleigh, N. C.
Wm. G. Hall, book store, Newbern, N. C.
Amos Head, 95 East Bay street, Charleston, S. C.
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☞ Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, of the North American College of Health, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; No. 198 Tremont street, Boston; and PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia. mar 27-3m

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5,000 Master Tailors have subscribed to
WARD'S PROTRACTOR SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING,
And Reports of the Philadelphia Fashions.
More than 1,000 of whom have, without solicitation, given certificates in substance similar to the following extract:
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This work has the widest circulation of all similar productions, and its popularity is rapidly increasing. An evidence of its utility may be derived from the fact, that hundreds who commenced some ten or fifteen years ago, still continue their patronage.
Being published quarterly, it has greatly the advantage over half-yearly publications of a similar kind, independent of the superiority of the System which accompanies the Reports, which, with the Apparatus, can be mailed to any part of the United States and Canada, at magazine postage.
TERMS FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, *and one year's credit given if desired.*
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FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, viz:
Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life; Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders, &c.
Its timely administration has been attended with the happiest results in many anomalous affections; but it is chiefly intended to fill the void which exists between cathartic and aperient medicines; hence its *modus operandi* is that of an alterative *directly—indirectly*, proving a lasting tonic to the system.
It is highly concentrated for convenience and probability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian Bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact, that a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contains all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. William Galusha.
BERKSHIRE, Vt., Oct. 22d, 1845.
Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years, suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla, I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with the Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.
Yours, truly, WM. GALUSHA.
LEGATION UNITED STATES,
BERLIN, PRUSSIA, April 8, 1846.
Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS:—Gentlemen: Having seen your Sarsaparilla used in this city with great effect in a severe case of Scrofula, I have been requested to order three dozen bottles, which please send, on the payment of the enclosed draft on Messrs. Hounsben & Unkart with the *least possible delay*. I am inspired only by a feeling of philanthropy, in begging you to publish this unasked testimony to the value of a medicine which, widely as it is known, is not known as it ought to be.
I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours, &c.,
THEODORE S. FAY.
For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.
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A Fine Poem.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

What if, in that sublimer state
  To which our souls shall come again,
The things of earth, and time, and fate,
  Shall pass before our eyes again;
Shall we review our life's slow way,
  Its wants and weariness beholding,
And by heaven's purer ... survey
  What earth's dim twilight now is folding?

Oh, what a wond'rous change shall pass
  O'er all that here hath seemed and been!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
  What then shall face to face be seen;
The nothingness of all we prized,
  The falsehood of the love we sought,
The priceless truth of hearts despised,
  The worth of all we valued not!

Perchance, it shall not then be seen
  That this, our earthly path of tears,
So desolate a waste hath been,
  As to the mourner's eye appears;
When clearer light around us breaks,
  Our eyes shall read our course below,
A dreary line of long mistakes,
  Atoned by many a needless woe.

Our youth was passed in visions fair,
  In lavishing the wealth of heart;
Our manhood had the harder care
  Of watching all those dreams depart.
What was there left for sad old age,
  Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of a pilgrimage
  We could not, if we would, renew?

Yet in ourselves the evil lay,
  Poor, weak artificers of woe!
Our idols then were made of clay,
  But 'twas our hands that made them so;
We needed some diviner call,
  To teach our hearts alike to shun
The lovely fault of trusting all,
  The bitter sin of trusting none.

Turn we not then with vain disgust
  From love betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let our hearts forget to trust,
  When they are wounded, wrung, and griev'd.
Take home this lesson—it is such
  As turns life's darkness into light;
Oh! we can never love too much,
  If we will only love aright!

Singular Statement.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Swedenborg, the founder of the New Jerusalem sect, towards the close of his long life, professed to have been illuminated to such a degree that he could converse with angels and departed spirits. We find the following letter from Kant, the eminent German metaphysician, to a lady, in relation to this subject. [illegible]

EMANUEL KANT.

Konigsburg, Aug. 10, 1758.

[illegible]

Original Essay.

FRENCH STATISTICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

BUBULCUS.

Choice Selections.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

[illegible]

THE BURIED TOWN.

[illegible]

ACHIEVEMENTS OF YOUNG MEN.

[illegible]

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

[illegible]

Selected Song.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

[illegible]

For the Ladies.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

[illegible]

"LET'S MAKE IT UP."

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

[illegible]

Life in New York.

THE BELLE OF NASSAU STREET.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

HERD GRASS.

[illegible]

INFALLIBLE EGG-COUNTING MACHINE.

[illegible]

FATTENING POULTRY.

[illegible]

TOP-DRESSING.

[illegible]

Fun and Frolic.

COMICALITIES.

[illegible]

INTERESTING ITEMS.

FROM THE FARMERS' LIBRARY.

[illegible]

THE FARMER'S CREED.

[illegible]

The Olio.

SONNET.

[illegible]

IN ABSENCE.

[illegible]

A PUGILISTIC GENERAL.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

DRAMATICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

A POSER.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Culinary Department.

RECEIPTS.

[illegible]